"Know then Thyself,
Presume Not God to Scan,
The Proper Study
Of Mankind is Man."

THE HUMAN NERVES

OUR NERVOUS SYSTEM.

What It Is and the Various Diseases to Which It Is Subject.

The blood, brain, heart and nerves of a human body are the most wonderful of all understood things, either in the animal or vegetable kingdoms, and on them depend all the force, energy, ability, health, reproduction of mankind and womankind; the building up of nations; the developing of nature's resources, inventions, discoveries, information of the past and supposed truths regarding the future state which ever have been or are to be. Remove either one of these nerves; harm either one, ill treat either one, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole human fabric sustains a shock, and a greater or less stride is taken towards that mile post on life's journey, where they cease to perform their functions, and where the life spark departs, leaving cold and senseless clay which the withering hand of time quickly converts to Mother Earth.

Separately we propose to take up the blood, brain, heart and nerves, in so far as may be necessary to show the people what the functions of each are; to what diseases and dangers they are liable, and how best, when they are disease stricken, they can be healed. Not a medical treatise full of technical terms and phrases, but plain truths in plain words, according to the old New England custom of speaking.

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

This consists of the brain, spinal cord and nerves. The latter runs down the back from the brain. From the base of the brain and the back of the head, there runs out nine pairs of

nerves. Some go to the teeth, face and eyes; others to the arms and hands, and their branches spread all through these portions of the body. From the spinal cord, all along the back and on both sides, nerves branch out as do limbs upon a fruitful tree, and they run to all parts of the body, even down into the heel and toe.

With their base within the brain, there can be no cut or bruise; no blow nor twist, no disarrangement whatever of the system, without the same being sent along the nearest nerve to the brain, just as a telegraphic message is sent. Nothing really passes along, save a sensation, which must either be of pain or pleasure, and having been received at the brain, this feeling must remain until some change takes place at the point where the disturbance first occurred.

The nerves, therefore, are the organs which permit and make possible all the sensation or feeling which takes place within the human frame; joy, grief, mirth, sorrow, laughter, pain, anger, perplexed ideas, all are only possible where nerves are alive. Kill them and you kill every sensation possible, even to hunger. Expose or injure them, and you open the way for the entrance of any disease known, and as a matter of fact, the abuses of the nerves and of the blood are the cause to-day, of more sickness and more deaths, than all the other disturbances put together. The drinking man abuses his nerves the worst, but the high liver, the woman of fashion, the excessive users of tobacco, the miser who works early and late for gold; the overworked housewife; they who expose themselves to inclement weather, all abuse their nerves, and all then lament the fact they are not in good health.

Did you ever think, reader, how wonderful the combined operation of the nerves and brain are? Just watch a child. It puts its finger to a warm stove or a light. Immediately a telegraphic message goes to the brain, of the seared flesh, and while there is pain at the place of the disturbance, there has been planted in the brain the fact that a hot stove or a flame are antagonistic to human flesh, and forever after, that brain may so guide all the movements of that body for fifty, sixty, seventy

or eighty years, that never again will heated iron or flame be touched.

BRAIN AND NERVE DISEASES.

In the long ago, when the human race were less far advanced in civilization than now, the muscles were more in use than the brain, but since the race advanced to the extent of acquiring the arts of writing and printing, the brain has been more in use than the muscles, therefore to-day the diseases of mankind chiefly affect the brain and nervous system. Even within the last twenty-five years, the cases properly known as "Nervous Diseases," have so multiplied as to draw the attention of the medical world, and the public have accepted their rapid increase as a fixed fact.

Neuralgia is a nervous disease.

Directly or indirectly, owing to the abuse of the liver, dyspepsia and constipation are often nervous diseases.

St. Vitas dance is a nervous disease.

So is hypochondria.

Nervous exhaustion is a common nervous disease, the strain being too great.

Hysteria is nothing, if not a nervous disease.

And the same is true of sick headache, for the condition of the stomach affects the nerves and is telegraphed by the nerves which run from stomach to head.

Spermatorrhœa is a disease of the nerves.

So is sea sickness.

The same is true of insanity.

All kinds of convulsions are caused by diseased nerves.

Inability to sleep is a disease of the nerves.

Green sickness is now regarded as a nervous disease.

Catalepsy, hay fever, writer's cramp, tremens, hydrophobia and many other ills which might be mentioned, are simply disease of the nerves and are only curable through the nerves. The one term, "nervous exhaustion," carries with it actually about all the ills known in life, for the system is an easy victim to whatever may be in the air, and one peculiarity of all is that

the nerves themselves being afflicted, the brain cannot be informed of how the patient really feels, and he or she, therefore, cannot for their lives, tell their physician and friends what ails them.

SOME COMMON SYMPTOMS.

The chances are, reader, that you will now, unless you are in good health, read of symptoms which fit your case, and show a disordered state of the nerves, though you never imagined but what you were all right in this direction, and have been shooting wide of the mark in your efforts to build yourself up. Let us drop back a few years.

In your youth you were strong of body, hopeful and courageous. You had an idea you could easily carve a fortune out of the world, and every day, both of sunshine and rain, was a good one in your young life. Robust, appetite good, sense of enjoyment keen, sleep sound and sweet, all were yours. But time carried you along and you sought the business world or learned a trade, if you be a man, or you, woman, took upon yourself the cares and duties of wedded life. Yet all was bright for a while, and hope never deserted its place in your heart, as on you went through life.

Either you did or you did not succeed, as men count success; children came to the home bringing great cares, and these always brought unrest to the mind and a strain upon the nerves. If you succeeded in life, you struggled and went a business gait which tried the brain, nerves, heart, blood and muscles; in the whirl of trade you forgot what was due the body and the wonderful mechanism within, and you strained and wracked every fibre and tissue. If you failed in business, if you learned a poor trade; if the little ones came often and the cost of living took your all as fast as you could earn it, then you fretted, worried and were grieved and perplexed, and those things, reader, will break down a system quicker than the hardest manuel labor known in the land. The result is that you to-day do not have the capacity for enjoyment which was so characteristic a few years ago; you are less hopeful. The "blues,"

that home disease often afflicts you, and you have grown peevish. You don't have the inclination to be obliging and accommodating to your friends and neighbors which you once had, and even to your loved ones you often speak harshly, and the little things they say and do, which once you smiled at or passed unnoticed, now fret and "rile" you. Out in the world you are not the same; gone is your old-time genial smile and pleasant ways and your merry laughter and talk; gone is your old-time capacity for work, and every little thing seems a big one if it doesn't just suit you, and each day you find little happenings which really fret you, though they are nothing in themselves, and sometimes you believe the world has changed and all in it have conspired to annoy you in whatever way they can.

In the house it is the same. The fond mother has forgotten herself in the sickness of the child or husband, and regardless to all laws of health, has stood by the stricken one, neglecting to nourish and rest her own body, fretting, worrying, hoping and fearing all the while, and the nerves are very, very busy sending up their complaints to the brain, until at last they telegraph in that the system can stand it no longer, and the mother succumbs. Sick headache, loss of appetite, pain along the spinal column where run the nerves, pain in the head where those nerves centre; trouble in the stomach where those very sensative nerves are, constipation which may be produced through the nervous system; all these arise from a disarrangement of the nervous system. Every one, therefore, who is fretful, who worries and is cross, who get "blue," who somehow or other cannot get things into shape, who want their own way, who are fault-finding and still don't want to be, and don't intend to be; who wish this and that could be different, who are never satisfied; every one has a greater or less disarrangement of the nervous system, and every one will remain as they are or grow worse, unless the trouble in that system is rectified. Now the nerve can't be filled, as can a tooth, nor can it be extracted. The nerves cannot be bathed nor bandaged, nor can plasters be applied. In fact they cannot be touched in any way

directly, but there are three things in the world which will have an effect upon them and all for good. If a nerve comes to the surface through the decaying of a tooth, there is at once sent out an alarm and there is an intense pain. The tooth can't be touched, so intense is the ache, but a dose of ether for a time checks the functions of the nerves, during which the tooth can be taken out. Ether here is beneficial, but manifestly cannot be used permanently, for the reason that it renders all, or nearly all other functions dead at the same time it acts upon the nerves.

Another beneficial article, temporarily, is some form of opium, such as morphia. People who are feverish and fretful, perhaps out of their heads, and for whom sleep is neccessary, can be quieted for the time by a pill or a powder. This is of vast benefit, it is true, to the nerves, for then they rest and recruit for another day, but as in the case of the ether, the body is rendered at the same time powerless for action, and it lies in a stupor.

The only other compound known to affect the nervous system to the benefit and good of the possessor is

PURE, UNDEFILED BLOOD.

We should be very glad, reader, to place within your grasp, something which would enter the system, and like oil on a troubled sea, would spread itself over every nerve and branch; enter the brain and flash up and down the spinal cord, everywhere doing just what the patient wanted done; putting in new nerves in the place of the old, taking out the worn away branches, replacing stronger and better ones; regulating the brain and then, after supplying all deficiencies, calmly take its departure, while the newly made man or woman walks forth into the world. But such things cannot be done by the most cunning hand of man, but the power alone rests in His hand who gives all life and rules over all. He has arranged in His own wise way how the wasted nerves and tissues shall be recuperated, and when any man, be he medical man or prophet, undertakes to do it in a different way; who pretends to have

any compound which acts directly upon the nerves, and still leave the brain normal, tell him in the language of Shakespeare to, "Go to, thou poor lying fool!"

Get out your bibles, and in those divinely inspired writings show them what high value the authors placed upon pure blood; show them what poor blood led up to and the misery and woe it entailed, and how even unborn children were cursed all their lives through the sins of him who had bad blood.

From that book you can learn, and you can teach the young, that every fibre of the human body; bone, flesh, nail, hair, muscle, nerve, brain, liver, lung, and even capacity for thought, depend first, last and all the time on the condition and quality of the blood. There is no royal road to fame and fortune in this land for him who hath not the capacity to do and the business push, and there is no royal road to health and the highest enjoyment of life, which goes with it, for either the man or woman who has not got as a foundation, a current of rich blood flowing free, like a mountain stream, up and down the arteries; in and out the heart and thence to every minute blood cell in the human system. Pin not your faith in plasters and liniments and to the quackery which concocts them; put not your trust in nerve foods, for such things are not, and nature does not lap it from the spoon. Her source of supply is within and comes alone through the blood, and whatever it brings, that she must and will partake of, and as is her food, so will be the system.

The Ruler of the Universe, in the inspired book, plainly advises stricken humanity, in three ways, how to aid nature. One is cleanliness, and often speaking of the advantages of bathing, declares in substance that a clean man, physically, is next in standing to a man of God. If the writings do not imply just this and nothing more, then all the bible students and men versed in ancient lore are at fault. The next advice is to abstain from associations with the vile and from gluttony. Both corrupt the blood and entail misery upon the doer.

The next advice, and on a subject often mentioned, is on the needs of purifying the blood. Here then, and here only, have you any divine advice, of how to reach the various ailments of

the system, and to make it plain to all that the true channel to inward diseases lies alone in the warm life blood, we will tell you what science says regarding it, trusting you will not forget how often the blood of the system has been mentioned in the bible; more times in fact than any other part of the human body, save the hand, and the latter for the most part has been written about figuratively, and not literally.

THE HUMAN BLOOD

A LIFE GIVING CURRENT

A Circulation Upon Which the Creator of the Human Race Has Placed His Signet.

Clear blood, as it is in the human system is a thick opaque fluid, of a rich, deep red hue, so peculiar that it may easily be distinguished by its color alone. It contains, in health, everything necessary to supply all the different materials necessary to supply the waste which is constantly going on; made obligatory by the "wear and tear" of every day life. In it there is water to give it fluidity, else it would be thick and would not flow; salt, lime, minute particles of several mineral substances, together with a most remarkable collection of albuminous matters. These last are the ones which act the most important part in the nutrition of the body. They are of two different kinds, which are naturally mingled together in the blood in a liquid form.

Albumen forms about one-twenty-fifth of the whole blood, and represents, in great part, the concentrated nourishment, derived from the food, for it is into their substance that most of the albuminose is converted, after being absorbed from the intestines

in the digestive process. It is the material out of which the tissues of the body are afterwards formed.

THE GLOBULES OF THE BLOOD.

In this liquid, and afloat, there can be seen by the aid of a microscope, blood globules in great profusion. They are not round as is a pea, but each one is a delicate circular plate or disk, somewhat like a piece of money in form, only with the edges rounded and thicker than the centre. They are much like drops of oil or honey, only they do not dissolve in the other blood in which they float, but retain their own form and substance. They float like sun fishes on the water; follow accidental or regular channels of blood, and, turning corners with the other globules, they twist and turn about, elongate in various ways, and then resume their natural figure as before. This particular quality is one of their greatest peculiarities. These globules contain all the red color which we think we see in the blood, and they give to the blood itself its opacity, or want of transparency. But they divide the larger body of blood, and they give to it, its animating and stimulating properties, by which all the organs are maintained in a condition of vital activity.

These, with a few white globules, are the substances forming the blood proper, and when Dame Science sits down with samples of pure blood and proceeds to an analysis, which she can do to a nicety, she finds the ingredients mingle together in the following proportions:

COMPOSITION OF THE BLOOD.

	Parts.
Minerals	8
Animal Matters	5
Fibrine	2
Albumen	40
Globules, white and red	150
Water	795
	1000

Now, reader, we can easily present here a few plain truths,

which no school of medicine or graduate therefrom can dispute no matter how much he may desire to rail and storm at proprietary medicine. He has at his drug store, where he sends his patients, or has with him in a trunk or bag if he be a country physician who rides, preparations of his own, made up to suit his own ideas, but still he does not allow that any one else can so compound and heal, for that would interfere with his profits, but the following truths he must swallow, even though he be a graduate of all the medical colleges in the land and have within himself the wisdom of a Solomon.

HERE ARE THE TRUTHS.

Science can tell what constitutes pure blood.

It can tell if there be anything lacking, and what it is, in any human blood which may be submitted to it for examination.

Knowing what is missing, it can supply the human system with it, and it will be taken up into the blood, as the thirsty flower catches the dew of heaven.

The system, once supplied with this, the blood, does perfect work; every part is invigorated; foreign diseases and substances are eliminated; all humors are driven out, blotches disappear; courage and hope are revived, the nerves are enlivened, the muscles shake off their torpor and are strung again for perfect work; the rosy blush of health flashes over the cheek; the eyes are bright, the tongue clear, the stomach sweet, the liver active, the kidneys enlivened, the digestive organs ready to care for the food, the sleep sweet, and the temper too; in short good health is present, and then, voluntarily, the possessor discards the medicine and is happy. That's all there is to it, and all we claim. With our preparations compounded and formulated to supply those ingredients which are the first to disappear in the "wear and tear" of life, we hold the key to the secret, and we hold too, thousands of warm testimonials from all the walks of life, telling of the efficacy of them; testimonials which are substantiated, and which no trust nor syndicate could gain with millions, were they not true.

THE HUMAN HEART

OH, WONDROUS WORK!

Where and What It Is and Its Mission and Labors Within the Human Body.

When a young man sets out to win the heart of a maiden—he doesn't. That is, he doesn't set out to win her heart, for there is not any thing of the sort to be done. What he will really do, if he wins her, will be to make such an impression on her nerves, and perhaps on the nerves of the hands, cheek and lips more than on any others, as will produce a pleasant sensation; pleasant enough to cause the telegraph like messages which go to the brain, to establish the fact within that brain, that the mate for the maiden has been found. Now in a weak, poorly balanced or diseased brain, almost any idea may be established for a time, and therefore they are many cases of supposed love which are implanted within the growing and partly formed brains of the young, which are only fancies. But when a well balanced person falls in love, it is past a matter of the brain and the nerves, for the heart is not in it, for that is only a combination pump, fitted with chambers and attached to tubes, and having valves, and other pump like apparatus. It is receiving and sending out blood all the time, is very busy and quite irritable and knows nothing, cares nothing, and has no time whatever to mix up in love affairs. It does not stand still when a lover declares himself, nor does it come up in one's mouth as some assert, for either would be death. So just lay aside all sentimental notions about the heart, and look at it with us as it is, and see what are its needs, and how we, if in ill health, can best supply them.

The heart is not way over on the left side, though its pulsations may be felt there as well as in the wrist, but it is almost in the centre of the body, and in the chest. From the bottom of it, there originates some large blood vessels which sustain it, and around it there is a strong membraneous bag, or sack, which is

firmly attached to these blood vessels and to the diaphragm. To prevent wearing by friction, the outside of this bag is kept oiled or moistened, by a fine thin fluid which oozes out of it, and when the heart is put to quick work by violent bodily exertion, or the nerves are taughtened under great excitement, the bag supports the heart somewhat.

Instead of a thing where the little fat god, Cupid, goes prancing with a high strung bow, from which fly arrows tipped with love and with wings upon them, the heart is a reservoir for warm blood; it has cavities for the different kinds, one kind coming in through the veins to be renewed and cleansed, and another which should be healthy blood, and which goes out through the arteries, holding all which sustains, adds to, and gives life to the system.

HOW CIRCULATES THE BLOOD?

The heart really is a compound affair, having four cavities or chambers, for receiving the blood and giving it a fresh impetus. Two are on each side, and there is a communication established between them, by an opening through the partition which divides them; but they are totally distinct from the cavities on the other side, though they correspond with them in shape, structure and use. Practically, then, the heart consists of two distinct organs; the one on the right for sustaining the circulation through the lungs, and the other on the left for impelling it through the rest of the body. The cavity on the right receives the termination of two large veins, which reconvey the blood returning from all parts of the body to the heart. This is simply then a reservoir for the returning blood, which it discharges at once into the other cavity ON THE SAME SIDE, and this cavity closes by the action of a valve, which is so wonderfully constructed as to admit blood at any time, but is a preventive to its flowing out.

There is egress for this blood, however, for there is another opening into an artery, and then it is forced through another artery and on into the lungs.

The heart action is this: As the right cavity receives the blood returned to the heart from all parts of the body, and the cavity of the same side propels into the vessels of the lungs, so the cavity on the left side of the heart receives this blood from the lungs through four veins which open into it, while it is the mission of the left cavity to send it into a new circulation through the whole body.

It is not necessary here to describe the material of which the heart, arteries, veins, etc., are made. It will suffice the reader to know that there is blood in the body; that it goes and comes from and to the heart; that as it goes, it carries along all the elements needed to repair a grown system, and in the young and growing person it is all the time loaded down with material for the formation of bone, flesh, hair, teeth, enamel, finger and toe nails, and blood itself. In other words, blood means life, and neither life as the Creator intended it, nor even anything save diseased life, can flourish unless pure blood be present.

The heart hath its diseases, some of which strike down the human being in an instant, and without warning, while others bring heart burning, palpitation, etc. In exhausted and anxious men of business, in hysterical and anæmic women, in habitual smokers, in dyspeptics, in persons debilitated, the palpitation often terminates in an independent disease. Fainting is but a functional disorder of the heart, and so is asthma, if great authorities are correct. In all diseases of the heart, of course the circulation is sadly interfered with; ultimately its balance is fatally disturbed, blood accumulates in the liver, lungs and other of the internal organs, and secondary disease takes place, of which dropsy, albuminuria and spitting of blood, are among the most frequent and formidable. The only way to safely administer to the diseased heart is to send there pure and wholesome blood only.

WHAT FEEDS THE BLOOD?

Still we have not told you how the blood is fed. Here we arrive at a point where only common every day sense is neces-

sary to understand the whole philosophy of "How to maintain health."

The blood, of course, gets all the material spoken of from the food. Save under the influence of an injection and through the organs of respiration, or breathing, nothing enters the body save down through the mouth and the throat and into the stomach, and from this, be it good or bad, sweet or sour, healing or poisonous, friend or foe, more or less of it enters the blood. A bit of poison may be laid upon the hand without harm, and it may even lay for a while in the stomach, without serious trouble being experienced, but once the blood catches it up, only death remains. In fact our food and our air make us what we are, for they make the blood, and the blood is the life. How true it is then that man should study well the eating habit, and how true it is that when there is an inward wrong in the system the way to reach it is through the stomach and the blood. Get the latter right and all will be right, and just what will set the blood right and keep it so, we propose to show you in as strong language as the average people of the land are capable of putting together.

THE HUMAN BRAIN

THE THRONE OF REASON

Relation of Mind to Matter.—The Brain and Nerves the Mind Organs.—How Built and Its Functions.

We now come to a consideration of the brain, which in the human species is so developed as to make man superior in reason to all the rest of creation combined. Remove it from the head, kill it with disease, shatter it in some terrible calamity,

throw it over with a severe blow or shock, and man becomes an imbecile and a prey even to the vermin, but leave it intact, collectively he rules all the world. And this very wonderful mass is so intimately connected with the nerves that one would be useless without the other. This being a fact, do you wonder, reader, that we claim most diseases to be nerve diseases, and do you wonder, as you think of the daily strain put upon them, because they need, in these days of fast living, some outside aid such as we give? We think now that you have followed thus far in this book, and perhaps have sought medical works as you came along, to see if all our statements were correct, and have found them so, that you will be willing, after we have looked into the brain, to read and see what the people have to say confirmatory of our statements.

No two brains are exactly alike. All differ from each other as human faces do. Brains may be of the same size and weight, yet in their health; in the number of folds and convolutions; the relative proportion of white and gray matter; the number and shape of their cells or fibres, and in their intimate chemical structure all will differ. Yet all are subject to certain natural laws, and all are aided by certain articles having medicinal properties, and therefore science can aid, strengthen and revive the brain as well as other parts of the body. Indeed our State provides a place and a corps of experts, who professionally care for people with diseased brains, and many are cured therein.

Brain troubles are caused either by excess of poor blood, or a deficiency of good blood; by pressure of bone upon the brain and by concussion or blows.

Now every studious boy, girl or man, knows that the brain and head become tired after severe study; that when they wish to recall an idea or to start a train of thought, they involuntarily scratch the head or rap the brow. The working of the eye, too, bears upon the brain, and at certain periods it calls for rest through sleep. When this is given, and the body is in its normal condition, perfect oblivion settles down upon the brain or mind; the hours glide by unheeded, while the heart keeps up

its wonderful work of pumping the blood up into the head, and all other parts of the body, carrying fresh material, brain material too, to supply the waste. Do you suppose, reader, that sleep would be sweet, that the brain would be recuperated, too, if poor blood was rushing to and fro through the body. "Certainly not," you say.

Well, that brings us back to tne statement that the blood is of the very first importance, and here is a life sketch of a man who knows more of bad blood and the suffering it brings; who has himself suffered to a greater extent than half the martyrs of the world. Every word is true; able and honorable men testify to this, and this sketch while showing the horrors incidental to bad blood, show also how to effect a permanent cure. Read it carefully!

NOTHING MORE STRANGE IN ALL MEDICAL HISTORY

For Sixteen Years a Man Lives with His Vitals Exposed, which Give Out a Flowage of One Quart Each Day, Reducing Him to a Skeleton.—Hundreds of Dollars Expended and then the Doctors Say that He Must Die.

YET HE LIVES A WELL MAN.

Statements as Gleaned from the Living Wonder Himself, and from County and Town Officials, Neighbors and Business Men Who Have Known Him for Many Years and Who Substantiate Fully All of His Marvellous Recital—With One Side No Thicker Than a Plank He Starts Anew in Life's Journey Full of Pluck and Determination to Win.

A WONDER OF THE PRESENT AGE.

No more strange or startling story was ever told of human suffering and final rescue, in the pages of fiction, than the true life history of James D. Evans, residing in Abbot,

Maine, in Piscataquis county, about forty-seven miles above Bangor. People up there who have known the man for years, and of his condition; people who have given him hundreds of dollars to aid him in life; all stand amazed when they remember of the shocking scenes they have witnessed; when they remember the testimony of medical experts when they said "God alone could aid him by taking him out of this world and the misery surrounding his every moment." And well may these good people stand astonished, for the story which we herein truthfully tell — every word of which can be fully substantiated — is as strange and wonderful as anything revealed in ancient or modern history. Read it, for you may never hear of its parallel.

In September, 1890, there appeared at the store of Mr. Ara Warren, druggist, and member of the firm of Ara Warren & Co., a stranger. In the store at the time and engaged in conversation with Mr. Warren, were Mr. Samuel A. Neill, of Boston, of the wholesale house of George C. Goodwin & Co., and Mr. Bion Lane, of Portland, of the wholesale house of John W. Perkins & Co. The stranger gave his name as Evans, and being in Bangor, had called to testify to the curative powers of Brown's Sarsaparilla. He then told a wonderful story, so enlisting the attention of his hearers that they requested to see his side which was exhibited. It was the testimony of all that the view was a most wonderful sight, and how the man lived, even as he then was, seemed almost inexplicable to all present. At this time a short sketch of the strange experience of Mr. Evans was written out and printed in the Portland (Me.) Advertiser, and there for a while the matter rested.

February 12, 1891, an agent of the Brown's Sarsaparilla Company was in Guilford, a town adjoining Abbot, and he heard more of Mr. Evans. He saw here the two members of the firm of M. & J. Hudson, among the leading business men of the county, and both knew Mr. Evans. Mr. M. Hudson had formerly resided in Abbot and was one of the selectmen of the town, and he said he knew Evans to have been ill for many years; knew that a great deal of money had been ex-

pended upon him without benefitting him in health, and added he was amazed when, last fall, the man appeared at his store and said he was able to work.

Mr. John Scales, also of Guilford, the proprietor of a large drug store there, and one of the leading citizens, said he knew of the long continued illness of Mr. Evans; he had heard of and read more or less about the case; knew Mr. Evans had become well or nearly so, and had sold him goods since his recovery. But he did not know whether or not Evans was in North Guilford, but suggested some inquiries about town. These elicited the fact that Evans was at work in the town of Monson, some twelve miles away, whereupon the following telegram was sent to J. F. Sprague, Esq., one of the leading lawyers of the State:

GUILFORD, Feb. 13, 1891.

J. F. SPRAGUE, Monson, Me.:

Is there a man employed by Phillips, named James D. Evans? If so, is he in a camp and how far from the village?

R. H. STANLEY.

Quickly there came an answer by wire which read as follows:

MONSON, Feb. 13, 1891.

R. H. STANLEY, Guilford:

James D. Evans works Phillips' camp two miles from village.

J. F. SPRAGUE.

Now here it had been definitely settled that Mr. Evans had been a very sick man; that he had the good will and sympathy of his townsmen in Abbot; that he had received hundreds of dollars in cash to aid him in his terrible misfortune; that he had at last become able to work; that as soon as he could move about he bought some goods and started in to eke out his own livelihood by peddling; that getting stronger he had applied to a former selectman for work; that the ex-official was amazed at

the request and did not think the man could work; that Evans was laboring in a lumber camp in February with four feet of snow upon the ground, where only hard muscled and strong men are supposed to go, and where all others weaken and give out, and the Brown's Sarsaparilla representative determined to follow this case to the end. What follows here in the way of narrative, it is to be distinctly understood, are simply facts, uncolored, and it is herein further stated the representative and writer of this was, and still is, a perfect stranger in Abbot, and that the facts herein stated were gleaned by him within one hour's time, the Abbot gentlemen being willing to state fully their knowledge of the case without even asking their visitor who he was, or why he desired information regarding Evans.

Mr. Buxton, ex-town treasurer of Abbot, owner of a hotel and drug store there and an owner of a store at Greenville Junction, was found in Abbot. He thought about six hundred dollars has been expended on Mr. Evans; knew he had running fever sores for years; knew that when Evans came to his store the oder from his body tainted the air; knew Dr. Trueworthy who attended him; had been told by physicians there was no help for Mr. Evans; said the condition of Evans was known to the town's people in general and closed with the statement that Mr. Evans was a reliable man, that his relatives were reliable also, and that any statement any of them might make could be relied upon. Mr. Buxton furthermore added that a neighboring trader, Mr. Jesse Barber, had been for many years one of the selectmen of the town and knew perfectly the condition of Mr. Evans. Mr. Buxton regarded the experience of Mr. Evans as remarkable in the extreme.

Mr. Jesse Barber, general store keeper, postmaster, ex-selectman and ex-county commissioner, was seen. He said Evans had been confined for years and years with running fever sores and he thought his cure, by whatever means effected, a miracle. He said that once he went down to the home of Mr. Evans to see how ill he really was, and Mr. Evans exhibited his side. As he bent forward after removing the bandages, there spurted out from the fever sores, of which he saw two, streams of

thick and yellow liquid which so tainted the air that he cried out: "Cover it up; that will do!" and fled to the open air. Evans had been into his store and to the post office there when he would pollute all the atmosphere in the room. He had often talked with Dr. Trueworthy, who lanced the sores, and the doctor had often stated there was no human aid which could be extended to Evans to save him; to check the flowage from the outside was death, and as for internal remedies, it was useless to talk of them in this case. Mr. Barber did not know personally how Evans became healed, but said he would take as truth any statement made by Mr. Evans. In a most emphatic manner he stamped the healing as "Marvellous."

Monday, Feb. 16, 1891, Mr. Evans left his camp in Monson, for Bangor. Here his body, showing the scars, was photographed, and then he made and swore to, before County Attorney Bailey, the following statement regarding his disease and how he was cured:

BANGOR, Me., Feb. 17, 1891.

I, James D. Evans, now a resident of Abbot, Maine, do testify under oath as follows:

I was born in the town of Greenfield, Maine, September 12, 1854. At the age of three years my parents moved to Abbot, and since then have always resided there. I had five brothers and three sisters, all healthy, and my whole health was good up to the time when I became nineteen years old.

April 15, 1873, I was taken sick with what proved to be lung fever. Dr. Bennett, of Guilford, Maine, attended me. During this sickness a blister was applied to my left side, the effect of which caused a fever sore. I got through the fever and moved about and out of doors some, but the side and sore therein began to swell and I was again put to bed. This was about June, 1873. On June 17, the sore was lanced by Dr. Trueworthy, of Guilford, Maine, and I have been told six quarts were taken from the side. From that time until June 27, 1889, sixteen years, ten days, there was a constant flowage from my side. In all, in addition to that one lanced, six sores appeared,

and the daily flowage of matter was about one quart, during all these years.

These sores were very offensive in their odor and I can conceive of no one save my mother, who would have dressed and cared for them. She was a rugged woman when I was taken down and during all the sixteen years she dressed my side from two to six times each day. I could do no work nor aid her in any way; I could not associate with other people, and being helpless, I was aided from year to year by friends until I received about one thousand dollars. I tried medicine and physicians but got no aid; everybody who told me their honest beliefs said I must die; the physicians said so and gradually I shriveled up until my former weight of one hundred and fifty pounds was reduced to ninety pounds. I had all the time an enormous appetite, craving meat food all the time though taking no exercise; I ate four or five meals each twenty-four hours and what with caring for my sore and preparing my food my mother wore herself out and is now in feeble health.

This flowage was steady when I was quiet, but when I caught cold and coughed, or moved about, matter would be pumped from my side in large quantities. This matter, being retained by cloths, often scalded or burned the surrounding flesh making the abdomen raw and very tender. My side fell in so that since the healing of the sore I have padded it out to make it even with other parts, and now have the cavity filled with pads.

In this awful condition did I pass the best years of my life. The usual life experience, the opportunities of gaining a competence and a place among men, usually vouchsafed to young men between the ages of ninteen and thirty-five, were denied me, and my aged mother and I, in our own home, struggled all these years with this dreadful scourge. It cannot be painted with pen, this life of ours. No one not an eye witness can comprehend the awful power and ravages of poisoned blood.

It was in April, 1889, that my mother, needing some medical assistance bought a bottle of Brown's Sarsaparilla for her own use. With the bottle came a book of testimonials which I read, and thinking the medicine, if powerful enough to cure causes

cited therein might benefit me, I too bought a bottle of Brown's Sarsaparilla. The use of the first bottle resulted in seeming new strength; I had more ambition and life, though the flow of matter continued. I bought and used the second bottle. Bought it of Charles Folsom, a druggist, in Monson, Maine. I continued to gain in strength, the flowage decreased from day to day, and ere the second bottle had been taken, the sores ceased running.

This flowage ceased running June 27, 1889, nor have I ever experienced it since. I grew stronger and at last was able to secure work in the Dexter Woolen Mill, in Dexter—the stone mill—worked 40 days. I then began to cut white birch upon our own land in Abbot, and have since worked at lumber operations and farming. I feel strong and well, my side has entirely healed, I weigh 135 pounds, eat and sleep well, and experience no inconvenience from my old fever sores, save when I undertake to lift on a heavy log or other heavy weight. To the two bottles of Brown's Sarsaparilla I certainly owe my cure and perhaps my life.

In September, 1890, I introduced myself to Mr. Ara Warren, in his store in Bangor, showed him my side and told him my story. Had never seen him before. There were present two gentlemen, introduced to me as Mr. Samuel A. Neill, of the firm of George C. Goodwin & Co., of Boston, and Mr. Bion Lane, of the firm of John W. Perkins & Co., of Portland, and to them also I showed my side and told my story.

February, 16, 1891, a representative of Brown's Sarsaparilla saw me in Bangor, and at his request, I cheerfully submitted my side to a photographer. I cheerfully agreed to state my case for publication, to the end others might be benefitted, and because I am very grateful to Messrs. Ara Warren, the proprietor of Brown's Sarsaparilla, for producing the medicine that cured me. In the towns of Monson, Guilford and Abbot, Piscataquis county, Maine, the greater part of the people are familiar with my case and my recovery has always been a source of wonderment to them.

JAMES D. EVANS.

BANGOR, Feb. 17, 1891.

Then personally appeared the above James D. Evans, and took oath to the truth of the above statement before me.

C. A. BAILEY, Justice of the Peace.

The case of Mr. Evans, he having survived, must go into the medical history as one of its greatest wonders. The left side, even now that it has healed, is not thicker than a plank, and measuring from the bottom of the cavity to the back, even less than this in thickness. Through the plague spots, before they healed, might have been seen the bowels, and these sores were fed directly therefrom, which will account from the great amount of food eaten during illness. That these sores should thus throw open the very vitals, where slight inflammation often produces death, live and thrive there sixteen years, and then give way even to so powerful an agent and blood purifier as Brown's Sarsaparilla, seems wonderful. Tumors, cancers, ulcers, scrofulous sores, salt rheum and various other products of bad blood have heretofore vanished under the influence of Brown's Sarsaparilla, but this healing of vitals, after being open sixteen years, so well and firmly, that the only complaint the possessor now makes, is that he cannot lift heavy logs and stones as well as some men can, stamps this Brown's Sarsaparilla as the great blood cleanser of the world.

There are lessons to be drawn from this experience of Mr. Evans which all should heed. The family of this man were healthy people, yet in them, as in all the rest of us, were germs of bad blood, which only need a chance to develop rapidly. Therefore when you are not in good health, look to it at once that the blood is cleansed. Start the circulation, invigorate the blood and drive out at once all germs.

While the case of Mr. Evans was particularly severe and long lasting, yet Brown's Sarsaparilla overcame it. But Brown's Sarsaparilla is not harsh nor severe. If there be canker or cancer in the stomach or throat, then it will be somewhat unpleasant for a day or two — but you certainly do not want canker nor cancer there and Brown's Sarsaparilla will drive it

out—and then you need not fear blood diseases. To show how Brown's Sarsaparilla adapteth itself unto all ages and conditions of life; unto both sexes, witnesseth its effects as told in the following experience of a young lady, residing in Bangor, where Brown's Sarsaparilla was formulated:

Mrs. Edwin Wiley, residing on Davis street, Bangor, Me., had a daughter afflicted with salt rheum. Her face and hands would, at times, be covered with blotches. The itching sensation would be so intense that salt was applied to destroy it. No help could be obtained. One day some one suggested Brown's Sarsaparilla and one bottle was purchased. On Wednesday, Feb. 18, Mrs. Wiley brought the daughter to Warren's drug store ENTIRELY CURED. The face that a short time previous was covered with burning, itching blotches, presented as fair and smooth an appearance as that of any young lady in Bangor. Less than one bottle was used. The case, like others we present, comes to us unsolicited, and shows again the wonderful curative power of Brown's Sarsaparilla in cases of bad blood.

THAT DREADED DYSPEPSIA

A FASHIONABLE DISEASE.

Something Which Moves in the Highest Circles and Seriously Annoys Modern Society.

Dyspepsia is one of the most common, most fashionable, and most annoying of the nervous diseases of our modern society. Within twenty-five years it has increased in frequency and with great rapidity, so that there are very few who pass through life without making its acquaintance.

It is a most capricious, fickle and uncertain visitor. It appears when it is little looked for, and when we suppose it is

departed from our doors forever, it may suddenly appear in a more hideous shape than before. It comes and goes without law or order, regardless of our behavior. At times we may violate all the rules of diet and of hygiene in general, without suffering the punishment of dyspepsia; at other times the fiend will take fast hold of us, and will not let go his hold, though we pay the uttermost farthing of our debt to the laws of health.

CAUSES. — Dyspepsia is usually the result of over-work, over-worry, over-confinement, bad air, bad and insufficient food, sexual excesses and genital disorders, the abuse of stimulants and narcotics, want of sleep, and, in short, anything which abuses the nerves and tend to depress the vital powers. It is not brought on by errors of diet as often as is supposed. Those who are careful in their diet are often victims of dyspepsia.

It is brought on by the causes which produce hypochondria, hysteria, nervous exhaustion, spermatorrhœa, paralysis, insanity and other well known nervous diseases. It often exists in connection with these and other nervous diseases; nearly all hypochondrical, hysterical and nervously exhausted patients are more or less dyspeptic.

Like all other nervous diseases, and like all other conditions of the body, both good and bad, dyspepsia is exceedingly hereditary.

Those who are ill and have trouble at the stomach, they know not what, will do well to study the following:

SYMPTOMS: — Accidental attacks of dyspepsia are of very frequent occurrence. These arise for the most part from overloading the stomach with food and indulging too freely in wine, spirits and other intoxicating liquors. There is a sense of fulness, weight and uneasiness at the stomach; foul tongue, a bitter taste in the mouth, nausea, loss of sleep and appetite, with a very great aversion to oily or fatty substances and sweet or insipid articles of diet; flatulency, sick headache and sometimes heartburn. There are other causes, but these need not be mentioned. The sleep is disturbed always; the patient is restless through the night but may sleep heavily in the morning and be loth to rise; he has a bitter taste in his mouth and but

little appetite for breakfast, and can only relish savory articles of food; during the day he feels languid and sometimes drowsy, especially after meals, and has but little inclination for labor or mental exertion. After a while there is a sense of dryness in the throat and often an expectoration of gray phlegm, and sometimes there is a slight sore throat. As the disease advances the appetite becomes more and more impaired, nausea and inclination to vomit are sometimes experienced; often an unpleasant sensation of heat is felt in the stomach during the day; disinclination for exercise and mental occupation increases and there is a positive drowsiness after dinner. These symptoms are followed by a dull, heavy pain in the head and a feeling of weight at the stomach, with flatulency and heartburn after eating. When this form of indigestion becomes confirmed, the face grows pale, the eyes appear dull and heavy, the mouth feels clammy; the tongue grows flabby, pale or whitish and more or less furred; there is a constant sense of fullness and distention of the belly; the bowels are very irregular and the evacuations scanty and fetid, or copious, frequently having in it bile and half digested food; the urine is clear and copious, but after standing a while it deposits a reddish sediment at the bottom, which indicates acidity in both stomach and bowels. It may, however, become turpid and then deposits a whitish substance, showing an alkaline state of the contents of the stomach; the temperature of the body is lower than usual, the feet are often cold and the pulse is soft and weak. When the disorder is of long continuance, other organs of the body, in sympathy, become affected; in some cases there is a troublesome dry cough and there may be palpitation of the heart and intermitting pulse, which lead the patient, now low-spirited and timid, to suppose that his heart is diseased, and this idea prevails upon his mind and tends to aggravate all the symptoms. The mental powers, particularly of application and memory, become impaired along with the general health and strength. The patient may remain in this state for a considerable length of time, and then gradually recover, or the inflammatory form of indigestion intervenes.

Dyspepsia needs good and generous treatment. The blood and nerves must be acted upon; therefore abstain from pork and boiled cabbage, soggy bread, vile pastry, heavy gingerbread and full meals at night, but eat through the day of fresh meat, mutton, lamb, chicken, turkey, eggs, oysters, fish, some light bread — either white or brown, and have a variety at each meal. So arrange business that you will not fret, and let tea and coffee alone, though small allowances of wine or cider may be used. If milk agrees with you take that.

Brown's Sarsaparilla will give you the appetite after three days, during which it will remove all impure matter from the walls of the stomach, giving the folds a chance to contract and expand, as they must do in the process of digestion and at the same time it will invigorate the blood and quiet the nerves. Here is the experience of one who was afflicted as above described, and who, after travelling all over this country for aid, found it within a quarter of a mile of his own home.

RICH IN EXPERIENCE.

A Wealthy and Well-Known Business Man is Driven From Home by Dyspepsia and Nervousness But Returns Again for a Home Remedy.

Those who know the Hon. J. P. Bass, of Bangor, know that he is a pushing, energetic man of business. He is directly connected with a dozen or more enterprises, and has a habit of looking after his business in person and not by deputies. Such men are on the road a good deal of the time, get their meals and sleep at irregular intervals, are exposed to various temperatures, thereby often overtaxing the powers. Mr. Bass, when in good health, took little or no precaution against disease, and up to about the time he was elected Mayor of Bangor, knew nothing about it. At this time he became aware of the fact that there was a limit to human endurance, and discovered that irregular meals, hurried eating, etc., had brought on a case of dyspepsia. At first the trouble was slight and gave no uneasiness,

Gradually the trouble grew, new and more alarming symptoms presented themselves until, after a gallant struggle between will power and disease, Mr. Bass was prostrated.

It must not be supposed that this gentleman tried to gain his victory with will power alone. On the contrary, being a man of wealth he was able to and did employ the ablest physicians at home and abroad. He left the cold climate of Maine for the warm perfume laden breezes of the orange groves of Florida, he bought and used all the known remedies, followed suggestions of friends, but in each and every case failed to find relief. At this time he could eat little or no hearty food, and even the light farinaceous food that he took distressed him exceedingly.

When Mr. Bass was first taken ill, and in fact for years after, Brown's Sarsaparilla was known to but two men. One was Wm. H. Brown, M. D., ex-Mayor of Bangor, the originator of it, and the other was Mr. Ara Warren, the druggist, who prepared it. It has been suggested as singular that the two men, Messrs. Bass and Brown, both prominent business men, both ex-mayors of Bangor, the one having a severe case of dyspepsia and the other a sure cure, should have never come together, but it must be remembered that Dr. Brown spent the last years of his life in visiting the great hospitals and medical colleges of Europe, while Mr. Bass sought relief in the West and South. After the death of Dr. Brown, Mr. Warren, owning the formula for Brown's Sarsaparilla, was frequently called upon for a supply. In this way he gradually formed an acquaintance with those who used it, and from them heard of many remarkable cures. One day Mr. Bass was induced to try Brown's Sarsaparilla. At this time he weighed about one hundred and one pounds. There had been no real bone and blood making food digested in the system for months, and as a constant waste and evaporation are going on in the human frame Mr. Bass was decreasing in weight, strength and vitality. He took Brown's Sarsaparilla at first in a mechanical sort of a way just as he had taken other remedies. After a few days he thought that "gnawing sensation" in the stomach was not so strong; then he thought those "distressed spells" were less fre-

quent, then came a time when he had a desire for hearty food, began to sleep well, took an interest in business, had still better appetite, grew in weight, grew in strength, and kept on gaining until he weighed thirty pounds more than when he began the use of Brown's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Bass became entirely well, and in 1885, as President of the Eastern Maine State Fair, successfully managed in connection with the other officials the New England Agricultural Society Fair at Bangor.

NERVOUS DISEASES OF AN OBSCURE NATURE.

Although the most important diseases of the nervous system have been treated elsewhere, there is an infinite variety of forms which the diseases of the nervous system assume, some of which we now propose to consider.

These nervous affections are almost solely confined to women and most of them may be regarded as modified forms of hysteria. Stimulated Pregnancy, or, as the French physicians term it, Nervous Pregnancy, is an affection of not very rare occurrence. The abdomen generally enlarges, the catamenia are suppressed, sickness, enlargement of the breasts with the other symptoms of pregnancy follow, and it is only the non-appearance of the infant at the proper time that leads to a suspicion of the true state of the case. We speak of this extreme case as being singularly illustrative of the power which a perverted action of the nervous system may impress upon certain persons.

Often the intestines are implicated in cases of a deranged condition of the nervous system. The rattling sounds produced by the movement of the gas — scientifically known as bomborygmi — are sometimes so loud as to prevent the patient from entering society with comfort; and sometimes the mere fear of the occurrence of these sounds is sufficient to induce them. A depraved

appetite, scientifically known as pica, is a common symptom of deranged nervous system, both in chlorotic young women in whom the catamenial discharge is not well established, and in pregnant women.

The nervous symptoms implicating the breathing organs are not only the most common, but are alarming and urgent, and may be readily mistaken for indications of serious inflammatory or organic disease. Nervous Asthma, which is supposed to depend upon a spasmodic contraction of the bronchial tubes, is too well known to require comment. Women suffering from a deranged condition of the nervous system sometimes present symptoms of what may be termed Nervous Catarrh — such as a copious flow of tears, free discharge from the nostrils, and constant sneezing. Such cases are often periodic. There are various forms of cough due mainly to irritation of the nerves, the difference in the character of the cough depending on the spot which is the seat of irritation. Thus, we hear of a spasmodic cough, which is often accompanied by much straining and convulsive agitation, and resembling whooping-cough; ringing cough, accompanied by hoarseness and loss of voice; barking cough, often arising from irritation of the ovaries, etc. All these disappear under the use of Brown's Sarsaparilla.

It is impossible at this time to give you a full description of the entire nervous system. We can, however, assert with the greatest confidence that thousands suffer in a great variety of ways, pass years in misery, and afflict others, simply because the nerve centres and nerves are out of condition. To nervous disease may be ascribed many ills that seem to be mysterious in their origin and workings. Quacks take advantage of this, and, working on the fears of the public, rob them "right and left."

How often do we see some publication on weakness of females, diseases of men, barrenness, impotency, etc., spoken of and treated as though the possessor was some criminal suffering for some hideous crime, when in nine cases out of ten they are caused by exhaustion of the nervous power. Regulate the nerve centres, give tone and balance to the nervous system and

invigorate and enliven the blood with Brown's Sarsaparilla, and your troubles must give way to healthful manhood and womanhood.

Married men who suffer from a flagging of their powers often treat themselves, or are treated by their physicians for some cause or disease that does not exist. In many cases they are told that it is a case of "premature decay," or "loss of vital force," and the physician looks as wise as an owl and shakes his head in such a mysterious way as to lead the victim to think his cure is well nigh hopeless. "This secret drain on the system, that downcast look, unfounded suspicions, horrible dreams, want of energy," and hundreds of other vague expressions are hurled at him until, bewildered and distressed, he puts his health and pocket book at the mercy of the quack.

Now all these symptoms may be present. Excess in marital indulgence, self abuse, etc., will affect the nerve centre, and then, as we have said before, the whole system is thrown out of condition; but we have not such a poor idea of our fellow men and women as to suppose that all these ills arise from improper indulgence. A pushing, energetic American business man is often a bundle of nerves, so to speak; the pushing, thinking, active life he lives affects the nervous system. Our children are sent to school forty weeks in a year, overtax the nervous system, and become weak and puny. The life of the American mother is an active one, calling for the expenditure of much nervous force, and she too, sooner or later, feels its effects.

To regain health you must correct all that is wrong in the nerve centres, and then all the various troubles arising from their diseased condition will disappear.

In Brown's Sarsaparilla you have a nerve tonic and nerve food which supplies the waste tissues. Remember that the blood, taking up the sound material from the healthy stomach, feeds every nerve and fibre of the human body, and in no other way can reconstruction and improvements in the system go on. Brown's Sarsaparilla will deliver the food pure and healthy into the blood.

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, "THE PRIDE OF MAINE."

Sketch of a Remarkable Life at Home and Abroad as Prepared by Himself and Never Before Published.

HE KNEW DR. BROWN.

The Family Physician of the Only Living Ex-Vice President Was Always Held in High Regard by Him.

Hannibal Hamlin, third son of Cyrus and Anna (Livermore) Hamlin, was born in Paris, Maine, August 27th, 1809. He was a Representative to the Legislature in 1836, '37, '38, '39, '40 and 1847; Speaker of the House, in 1837, '39 and 1840; Aid-de-Camp to Governor John Fairfield in 1839; Representative to the Twenty-Eighth and Twenty-Ninth Congresses in 1843 to 1847; U. S. Senator 1848 to 1856; Governor in 1857; U. S. Senator in 1857 and 1861; Vice President of the United States in 1861 to 1865; Collector of the port of Boston in 1865 and 1866; U. S. Senator in 1869-1881; Minister to Spain in 1881, resigned in 1883, and returned to Bangor. The degree of LL. D. was conferred on him by Colby University in 1869. He also served as a private in Company A, State Coast Guards, Capt. L. J. Morse.

Mr. Hamlin knew Dr. Wm. H. Brown, who formulated Brown's Sarsaparilla, and Dr. Brown has been at times in attendance upon the family of the ex-Vice President as family physician. Dr. Brown was one of the leading citizens of Bangor in the trying times of war, and as such was intimate with Mr. Hamlin who had a high regard, not only for the sterling integrity of Dr. Brown, but for his great professional ability as well, and like Senator Hale always speaks in praise of him as a man and physician.

Thus does the praise of Dr. Brown resound at home, and when his high standing as man and physician is known, there is explained at once why there is so much of merit in the greatest production of Dr. Brown's life, Brown's Sarsaparilla.